Volume 3 Chicago, Illinois, June, 1926 Number 3

The Liberal

WHY I AM A LIBERAL

"Why?" Because all I haply can and do,
All that I am now, all I hope to be,—
Whence comes it save from fortune setting free
Body and soul the purpose to pursue,
God traced for both? If fetters, not a few,
Of prejudice, convention, fall from me,
These shall I bid men, each in his degree
Also God-guided bear, and gaily, too?

But little do or can the best of us:
That little is achieved through Liberty.
Who, then, dares hold, emancipated thus,
His fellow shall continue bound? Not I,
Who live, love, labor freely, nor discuss
A brother's right to freedom. That is "Why?"

—Robert Browning.

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THE LIBERAL

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FAITH AND FREEDOM

By Rev. Lon R. Call, Minister First Unitarian Church, Louisville, Kentucky.

We are told that Jesus spoke with authority. With what authority? Certainly not with the authority of the Scribes and Pharisees with the support they enjoyed from the current religious powers. Jesus was not in holy orders according to the conception of holy orders at the time. Nor did Jesus speak with the authority of the reigning political power. He was a political radical. Nor did Jesus speak with the authority of the masses. His followers were few. His authority came from within himself. He spoke from his own experience of spiritual reality. He rejoiced in his freedom from Pharisaism and from political authority but he felt keenly the responsibilities of the religion of the spirit.

The teaching of Jesus that every individual, by virtue of the infinite worth of the human soul, is an end in himself and not a means to an end, has come to fruition in a political way in our American ideal of democracy. Also to a marked degree it has flowered in a scientific way through the method of individual research in science, where truth alone is sought. In religion, in spite of our theoretical freedom, we are laggard. Official Christianity has been exceedingly authoritative.

Happily the situation is becoming better. The new theology is helping. It is showing that there is an essential oneness between what we believe as Christians and what we believe as rational beings. Modern preaching is also helpful. Much of the modern preaching is rooted in the idea of the essential religiousness of every human soul, whether churched or unchurched. The denominations are allowing more and more freedom to individual belief. The growth of the Unitarian Church which has increased more rapidly than any other except some of the new cults, reveals the growing power of individual liberty in religion. Perfect freedom in the search for pure religion is the great principle of our Unitarian Church.

And yet this freedom, won in the face of such overwhelming odds, is not without authority. Just as Jesus heard the voice of authority calling to him from the deeps of his religion of the spirit, so do we acknowledge that authority. It comes to us, not from Sinai, nor from Rome, nor from the pages of a written revelation, but from w i t h i n ourselves through the experience of our individual at-one-ment with the spiritual universe. For us there is also the stern command "Thou shalt." For our freedom is not from faith, but to faith. To be free from external authority is a great experience but to feel the faith which comes to the active, alert, honest, exploring rational-loving soul is a greater experience. Life's greatest possession is a clear and commanding faith.

It must, however, be faith. There are many cheap substitutes. Faith is not blind assent to something not understood. It is not mere opinion however correct. It is not the ability to cling to a dream with the eyes closed to the disillusioning facts of life. Faith knows no fear of truth. It scorns consequences. It trusts reality. It rests itself in the confidence that goodness is supreme; that the highest values of life are realizable.

THE WESTERN CONFERENCE

The most successful meeting ever held by the Western Conference was held during May in Chicago. Over one hundred ministerial and lay delegates were in attendance. This Conference is an association of the liberal churches in an area extending from Cleveland to Wichita and from Duluth to Louisville, Kentucky. Fifty-three churches and forty-five ministers are members. The Peoples Church of Chicago and its pastor are members.

The Conference was organized in 1852 and has held annual meetings continuously from that time. At the meeting in Minneapolis in 1920 the delegates adopted a revised constitution containing the following statement of the object of the conference:—"The object of the Western Unitarian Conference is to foster religion through the organization and support of liberal churches within the limits of the Conference and to transact business pertaining to the general interest of the societies connected therewith." The secretary of the Conference is Rev. Curtis W. Reese with headquarters at 105 S. Dearborn St., Chicago. The Conference publishes quarterly a splendid magazine containing articles and news items of interest to liberals in religion. Mr. Reese is the Editor. Mr. Reese is one of the outstanding leaders of religious liberalism in America. The Open Court Publishing Company of Chicago has just published a most valuable contribution to present day religious thought from the pen of Mr. Reese. The book is called "Humanism."

The Chicago meeting was attended by over a hundred delegates. Mr. Charles Grilk of Davenport, Iowa, was elected president and his opening address affirmed that in his opinion "our churches were now led by the most capable ministers in our Western Conference history. The churches are all in splendid condition and seem to be not only equipped to serve the religious needs of the day, but enthusiastic to do so." The Conference discussed religious education, the Unitarian Foundation, missions, social service, theological education, religious freedom and the humanizing of religion. The following resolution which I consider the most important adopted by the Conference and which will be of great interest to all who are interested in religious liberty was presented by Rev. Mr. Malick of the First Unitarian Church, Cincinnati:

"Whereas, We are among the heirs and guardians of the traditions of free choice and free practice in conscience against powers ecclesiastical and political in high places; and

"Whereas, Ecclesiastical majorities in America have become aggressive and obnoxious in the use of their numerical advantage, substituting legalized enforcement for free choice and free practice, specifically in the matter of personal habits, the control of schools and in the regulation of Sunday; therefore,

"Be it resolved, That we, in conference assembled, reaffirm our faith in the free individual against the encroaching state, in righteousness with liberty and reform without tyranny, and in moral means and spiritual power as alone consistent with a free people and as alone effective to redeem evil."

The Peoples Church was represented by several delegates. Religious liberals are becoming aware of the great need of closer co-operation and fellowship. This Conference is the medium for such association among the free churches of the Middle West.

—P. B.

THE REVERENTIAL ATTITUDE

The custom of bowing the head in prayer, and closing the eyes, too rare in our church, is beautiful and good if it is done spontaneously and not simply as a conventional thing or from force of habit. It means a shutting out of the scenes about one and feeling alone with one's highest self; detaching oneself from the thoughts that have filled the mind during the week; the petty cares, anxieties, ambitions, and taking the attitude of worship, lifting the mind to the highest truth, the heart to the perfect good; opening the whole nature to the influence of the divine.

If we do not come here in that spirit of worship; if we bring with us the cares and vexations that have been besetting us all the week; if we do not take an attitude of invitation toward all truth, goodness, beauty, there will not be much good in our coming.

You may not take any special posture of the body, though I know postures help the mind, but you may bend the soul in lowly reverence before the Truth you have yet to make your own; before the Highest that is yet to possess you. I do not see how anyone can see the ideal life without feeling humbled.—F. S. C. Wicks.

BOOK CHATS

I heard Irving Cobb say at the Auditorium in Chicago one evening that there was one certain way to tell a gentleman—"go fishing with him and have it rain." He spoke an undeniable truth. I have gone fishing with the Rev. W. Waldemar W. Argow, minister of The Peoples Church at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and had it rain. He met the test. I have fished with preachers that failed—both in the fishing and being gentlemen when it rained. Dr. Argow is the successor in the pulpit which Joseph Fort Newton left when he went to the City Temple, London. It was in the Liberal church at Cedar Rapids that Newton first became an international character.

In Cedar Rapids and throughout the Middle West Dr. Argow is known as a leader of religious liberalism. He is also a facile writer and every week in a Cedar Rapids' paper writes a most enjoyable column which he calls "Outspoken Thoughts." He has just finished remodeling his church and it now is one of the most artistic church buildings that I know. His congregation is loyally behind him in every progressive enterprise and the church has never been in such a flourishing condition as it is today.

It was our happy privilege to have him and his devoted wife, with their two lovely children, Junior and Rosemary, as our guests at Arden Lodge last summer. The memory of their comradeship is a continual delight.

The other day there came to my study table a copy of his church Bulletin. On the first page is an article by Dr. Argow which he calls "A Summer Creed." I like to think as I read it that some of the inspiration for this most beautiful creed that I have ever seen came from summer days when we were together amid the incomparable beauties of Lake Vermilion in northern Minnesota. It is a glorious expression and creed enough to save any one that lives it. I am passing it on here without his knowledge or consent because I know it will be as helpful to you as it is to me and I

know the author well enough to be certain that he would like you to share it with me. Read it aloud for it is poetry and poetry ought always to be read aloud.

A Summer Creed

I believe in the flowers and their glorious indifference to the changes of the morrow.
I believe in the birds and their implicit trust in the loving Providence that feeds them.
I believe in the prayer-chanting brooks as they murmur a sweet hope of finding the far-distant sea to which they patiently run.
I believe in the whispering winds, for they teach me to listen to the still small voice within my feverish soul.
I believe in the vagrant clouds as they remind me that life, like a summer day, must have some darkness to reveal its hidden meaning.
I believe in the soft-speaking rains accented with warm tears, telling me that nothing will grow save as it is fertilized with tears.
I believe in the golden hush of the sunsets reflecting a momentary glory of that great world beyond my little horizon.
I believe in the soft-falling dew revealing the infinite spring of living waters for everything parched and withered.
I believe in the holiness of twilight as it gives me a sense of the presence of God, and I know I am not alone.
And whatever more I believe is enshrined in those abiding feelings that lie too deep for words.

W. Waldemar W. Argow.

A noble utterance! How refreshing to read a creed like that! How insignificant and puerile do the theological crudities and bigoted utterances of religious fanatics become when contrasted with the sublimities of Dr. Argow's creed! The world must never lose this jewel of religious affirmation. It is truly an inspired creation. I am glad to know such a heart.

—P. B.

"MOTHER'S DAY"

A Sermon Delivered by Dr. Bradley, May 9th in The Peoples Church. From the Stenographer's Report.

I do not think that there is a service in all the year that seems to bring me such a sense of responsibility and such a feeling of utter personal inadequacy as our Mother's Day service. I have often felt that it is almost a tragedy to have a sermon at a Mother's Day service. It seems to me that the theme itself lends itself not to the uttered sentences of the preacher, but to that which you have just heard,—music. It seems that this theme is one of those which only belong to some of the fine arts, the art of color and the art of song. It seems to me that the challenge of this theme is so deep to the interpreter that one must be the consummate artist to even make it expressive with any degree of satisfaction whatever. It is an overwhelming theme. It is overwhelming because of its universality. It seems to be the one theme of all the themes of earth whereby we ought, of whatever race or creed or faith, to practice the beauty of unity.

It seems to me this morning that it is the one theme in whose presence all of the other themes of life with their intricate complexions and their complications and their distinctions and differences and barriers would simply melt away. It is the one theme where we do not stop to ask what we believe theologically. Of what

use is any one's theology on a day like this? What does it matter what I believe about all the ramifications of theological thought when I am thinking about my Mother? What does it matter today what party label I bear? What does it matter today? I am thinking about my Mother. What does the color of my skin matter today? What is there about the superiority of the Nordic today that has an appeal? All men no matter the distinctions that permeate through all society can come to this day and this moment and feel the cosmic touch and kinship to the universal as they contemplate Motherhood; why it makes one love all the more the mothers of all life, —the mothers of all life—the mothers of the beasts, the mothers who quietly warm into being their offspring by clustering above the eggs; the mothers who go to the dark and lonely places of the woodlands that in the birth-pangs they may give to the world another part of life; all mothers in the great unity and in the great sense of the cosmic of this day. The mothers who have black skins and whose souls know no color, who hold that little bundle of human life that is just fresh from out under her heart, that has partaken of her nourishment, blood of her blood and soul of her soul, we honor them today. And any man who would introduce or inject into this day the limitations and barriers of the petty creeds and the racial wars and religious barriers of the world is a man that does not understand yet what it is all about.

I hope that I am not evidencing a bit of heresy to you today when I say what I am going to say now. I am not saying it inspired by the beauty of this great service and the loveliness of its music and the charm of its setting; I am saying it because for a long, long time as I have tried to think about the problems of the world and the sorrows and the aching heart-aches and the disappointments and the tragedies of life, stumbling, falling, struggling humanity, playing, playing with the things that are tragic; worshippers of doom, pilgrims of the mist, anchoring to those aspects in life that know not the texture of solidarity and permanency; just fireflies, moths of life; pleasure for an hour and hell for a life time.

When I look out upon life and I see the modifying, steadying, stabilizing and equalizing influences of an old-fashioned mother in the midst of all this fury, all this artificial stimulus, all these lights, all the effervescence of a decadent music, all the glittering glow of a reflected light whose star burnt out centuries ago, worshippers at the ash-heaps, worshippers where the embers are dying, falsifiers of pure sentiment, prostitutes of holy virtues, grinding under the souls of pleasure the beauties of life and love. When every other influence fails in a soul like that, when every other power fails in a life like that, when religion is discarded as "old wives' fable" when the heart is impregnable to the voice of conscience, and glibly out in this great experience of life they go repeating, repeating, repeating those devastating and soul-destroying things that rob not only the body but the soul. When art loses its power of sublimation over such a life, when music cannot find its way into the soul, when the dead, dead chambers of the soul re-echo only the death-cries of life, the last influence to go and the one impregnable part of the soul, the one final and last approach, the one little wedge that decency has, the one little remaining opportunity that honor seeks, is to bring back into that life a renaissance of some mother's memory. When art and literature and music have all failed, memory —memory, stored somewhere by God—for only God could give us memory; memory comes. When the body is being eaten with filth and sin and when the soul is drying and parched, and when the glisten is gone from the eye, and all music has been stilled in the

heart, when the normal loves of life no longer arouse the soul, the last effort of God to bring such a one back to the consciousness of good is when some strange miracle that only God knows, there lives again in a man's or woman's life the picture of a beautiful and lovely Mother. More than one soul has been stopped from plunging into the abyss of life and make of life a failure and an ugly thing and to create a character that would be spurned at the cross-roads and on the streets,—more than one life has been snatched from the tragedies by the miracle of a mother's memory.

If one is not touched deeply by the thought of Mother, then for that one I have no hope in the world of truth and beauty; if in your flippancy your heart is so abnormally regulated that you cannot respond and react to the idea of beauty at the mere idealism and potentiality of motherhood, then there is a twisting of your emotional life that will need adjusting or tragedy awaits you.

We portend our destinies, and we see in that portending the highway planly marked. I am fearful for any individual that can with a mere glibness of expression or a mere frivolity of gesture pass off this whole old-fashioned idea of the influence of a beautiful mother upon the moral destiny of the race.

There are such today who glibly use "tied to your mother's apron string" as a mark of reproach And in this day of the new things and the new order—and in most respects a much better order, there is one thing which I feel of the old fashioned ideal of civilization, that all of your new caprices of science, and all your innovations of society and all your little ramifications of sociology by which you inject into the social structure all sorts of new theories and new disciplines and new aspects, in all your re-moulding of the ideals of government to determine them upon the basis of paternalistic theories, in all your jesting at the ideas of the sacredness of family ties, with all of the dissipations by which this sacredness is given to the winds of heaven, with all of your philosophy of experimentation, with all of the tragedy of our contemporary married life, and the startling record in our world of divorce that one of every seven couples married in this county last year are in the divorce courts in Cook County today; one out of every seven marriages, a trial marriage; with none of these great experimentations of yours and the new theories of life, I am deeply, sympathetically inclined towards almost all of them, but all the philosophy of the new and all your theory of sociology and all the relationships of economics and the paternalism of government and all of your expedients for this and that there is one thing that I feel. There is no better occasion for me to say it than here this day. If I know anything from the past history of the world, if I have learned anything from the "Decline and Fall of Nations," if you study and train yourself in the great historical episodes of antiquity, if you can begin with the earliest recorded pages of human history, if you who say there is no way of judging the future but by the past, would only familiarize yourself with that past a little more deeply, in spite of all the theories and isms and all the speculations and all the advancement of science, there is but one verdict that the finger of human history points to with no uncertain gesture; no student can deny the accuracy of its guidance; no historian has yet omitted it; no philosopher has ever denied it; there is one verdict of human history that admits of no fluidity of interpretation on the part of the reader or the historian. It speaks with a certain note and that verdict is exceptionally interesting to the student of anthropology; it is exceptionally interesting to those who watch the development of the home as the unit vitalizing and expanding itself into the larger consciousness of world-

craft. But going back and back into the great field of evolutionary hypothesis until we find through the gradual breaking up of the life of the race, through the fact that one individual in the strangeness of creativeness was the parent, and that as the parent, and that as the centuries evolved until the duality of the species took place, there was born then this sense of creativeness which involved responsibility, and that is the key to motherhood. A power of creativeness which involves responsibilities.

There would be less tragedies amongst the youth of today if more of the mothers of those youths realized that motherhood was more than finely breaking off a bit of the soul and giving it to the world; that it involves a debt of responsibility, a responsibility that lengthens out through the years; not the responsibility by which in these days the joy of the little ones, of caring for them, of loving them, is delegated to some one we can hire. How much of the real responsibility of motherhood is lost in this world never to be regained in a type of mother who finds it exceptionally convenient because of social engagements or reform engagements for a great many mothers are out saving the world today, reforming the world, and it is perfectly all right. It is a legitimate thing to do. But I can imagine no greater joy than the joy which must be to a mother to watch and care for her own baby, to see the thing which her own heart has given develop through the glory of youth. Her own; her very own. But the stress of modern civilization is such that about the only inconvenience mothers have today in some conditions of life, is just the inconvenience of the bare physical fact of giving the baby to the world. As soon as that is over the responsibility ceases. And, oh, there are those who would love! Love does not cease, of course, not, but that fine something, that relationship, that essence of unity that ought not to be broken with the fact of death, that never ought to be disturbed by the fact of death. Loving, loving and growing up with their babies. There is no greater joy in the world than that. And the tragedy of our economic structure today is such that some of our girls demand so much and some of our boys are bald headed and gray before they can ever make enough in order to meet the demands, and consequently, the fun of growing up is lost, and increasingly the age limit of marriage, which is contrary to every law of nature, is being increased, when the fact of the matter is that a finer moral condition would prevail in human society if the reversal of the thing were true.

Those who have a deep sense of loyalties of life and the beauty of marriage and the charm and the love and the loyalty of youth understand. Youth, the springtime of the soul, youth is the time when the whole soul and the whole body is functioning to the highest in all the interpretative and creative qualities of life—consequently a higher standard of morals is almost impossible until there is likewise an adjustment of economic deficiencies. There is nothing finer in this world than to see that type of young man or young woman, because I believe in early marriage. This idea that a man must wait and wait and wait until they can move into a million dollar home and have a Packard and Cadillac automobile before they can have the joy of home is untenable.

Why, I can remember in the city of Chicago when it was no disgrace to court your girl by taking her for a street car ride, (laughter) or going on the Elevated trains; I remember in the city of Chicago when it was no disgrace if you had to go, even quite a little way to walk (laughter), but that is a lost art today! And I can remember in the city of Chicago when you wanted to call on your girl it was not necessary for you to take a box of candy; you were quite sweet enough as it was (laughter). But in these days

we have some inflated sense of value, and the result of it is that there is many a young girl that is going thru life missing the joy and beauty of life, because she is, in the vernacular of the street and somewhat vulgar, let me say "she is a bit stuck up," and she feels deeply that there must be motors and theaters and candies and lights and expensive dinners. I see it often in the marriage ceremonies which I perform and these youngsters that come to me and talk to me about their problems and what they are going to do; I sometimes wish a great audience like this could know some of the cares and problems that a Pastor of a Church like this carries in his heart. If you could know some of these things you would understand my reason for saying many of the things which I do from this pulpit Sunday after Sunday. Rest assured they are not born of my imagination; they are born of the contacts which I have with life and the sorrows and tragedies which I see and which are brought across the confessional of my study table. I know of nothing in this world that inspires me with the hope for the future of civilization like the hope of seeing a lad and a girl not waiting at all—gold and money, affluence and power are not there, but joining hands together and hearts together in the beauty of a clean love; poor, may be, a job for both of them for a while, giving up and sacrificing, but love turns every sacrifice into a joy; and to see them with a smile upon their faces as they leave the marriage altar—as yesterday afternoon I had a ceremony on the North Side, and a young lad and his wife came up and said "Dr. Bradley, do you remember us?" And, of course, good preachers are like good politicians—when they are asked a question like that one always should say "Yes." It is not really a falsehood. But you should say "It seems to me I do." Just say it quietly, not too much, but quietly, and that "seems" covers it up. "But don't you remember us? You married us ten years ago." I was surprised. She said "You married us ten years ago." And they had a bright little lad all bubbling over with love and joy, and they said "This is our lad. Seven years old." And they told me something of their struggle and their joys. But it was all worth it. They are going to have the fun of growing up with their baby.

When I look about life, and I see so many of our youngsters—You know me well enough to know that I am for them; you know me well enough to know that I am not hypercritical. You know me well enough to know that I understand them and love them, but, oh, about this thing, this tremendously i m p o r t a n t thing for our future, for all history tells us, every page; there is not one silent page; all history tells me that in the last analysis every problem of the world becomes a moral problem, and that in the end of nations morality, ultimately, morality, plain, common decency, that is the thing upon which nations can live and that alone.

As long as the Grecian mother was a mother, as long as she did not delegate her responsibility, as long as the Grecian mother was a mother and ceased to be a courtesan, as long as the sacredness of her body and the cleanliness of her soul was held inviolate, culture and art and philosophy of Greece was supreme; and in that golden age of Athens, the age of Aristotle and Demosthenes and Aristophanes, the age of Sophocles, the age of Socrates and Plato, the age of these men was the age of Greece when motherhood was Motherhood. I am not so sure but that woman holds the key to the destiny of the race. No one can go as far toward the stars as a woman. The highest ideal in the world is a pure beautiful woman. And no one can go so low. No one; wallowing in the filth and mire of rottenness.

Because this is true, I am in-

clined to think, my friends, that the key to our problem is not so much education, not so much science, not so much economics, not so much industry, not so much a question of government; it is not so much these things, because if history says anything it says this—your whole fabric will rot if your morals begin to decay. That resolves every problem to a moral problem, doesn't it? That puts the whole question where it belongs, doesn't it?

And I am sure but what wrapped in the beauty of this observance today is this fundamental truth. It does give me some insight and it does give me cause for alarm. If it were not for the old-fashioned mothers, mothers like the mother of Miss Anna Jarvis, when she was called back to the State of Virginia in 1906, twenty years ago, where she had a wonderful mother, and they wanted to honor that mother. And on the 9th day of May, 1906 the first Mother's Day celebration was planned in America. Twenty years it has been growing. In 1914, eight years after the first Mother's Day observance, Congress by a special act in America set aside the second Sunday in May in honor of our Mothers, and over every federal building today, if it is doing its duty by the proclamation of the president of the United States, flies the flag of our country in honor of American mothers. But it has become more than that. Woodrow Wilson, then President of the United States, in 1914, in that great proclamation which he issued for Mother's Day and enunciated this fundamental text with his peculiarly analytical mind for distinguishing the great historical processes of civilization, he intimated exactly what I intimated to you today. The history of this observance is most interesting and indicative.

I was very much interested when I was studying and preparing for my theme this morning to go back into this whole history of the observance of Mother-worship and to find one of the earliest pages of recorded history. The old pagans had a festival which they called Helyria. That festival was held as a great pagan celebration in memory of the great mother of the gods. In the far off pages of history we find recorded that the ancient pagan world honored the festival of Motherhood; then coming down through the years we find it sublimated in the life of the "Man of Sorrows" the ultra-domestic Jesus; the boy who at the early age of twelve gave evidence of considerateness with which he held the esteem of mother and father, and in the Bible we find enunciated that beautiful statement of Mary, "Mary kept all these things in her heart and pondered them." And one great branch of the Christian Church has deified Motherhood, and because of the deity of Motherhood has made a mother a goddess. For centuries the mid-Lenten Sunday is a Mother Sunday. Those who know the practice of the Anglican world know that the Sunday in the middle of Lent is the Sunday where all people who possibly can go to their own fireside to visit and to honor their own mothers on that Mother Sunday of Lent.

Now we have done it again in America, and from 1906 to 1926 the festival has been growing and it is ultimately sweeping the world, because outside of the confines of America today are people honoring their mothers.

Oh, my friends, the theme is inexhaustible. We could go on and on for hours, but that we cannot do. In the very last analysis the theme ends itself to the individual only in terms of his own individual experiences. We can philosophize in a general way about the mothers of the world, but the one we know best is our own Mother. We can talk in a general way about the influences of woman upon society. If women could only understand how much they hold in their hands and in their hearts—the future destiny of civilization.

Cornelia of ancient Rome was quite content to be the mother of the Gracchi. She sank out of Roman history herself, but for all time she will be known as the mother of the Gracchi.

What is true of Greece is true of Rome. Just as long, my friends, as the Roman mother was a true mother Rome held the supremacy of the world. But when the courtesans and demimondes and vicious adventuresses of the Roman Empire toyed with the heart-strings of man Rome was shipwrecked and she passed out of human history.

When I look about me and see how utterly stupid and foolish some men are. Some men are so down-right stupid and foolish and asinine in their silliness, some painted colorful adventuress looks out of the corner of her eye, and with her drug-store complexion and trembling lips and yellow stained fingers,—she winks—and the man thinks he has made a tremendous hit! and the only thing in the world she is doing is to get his money and damn his soul! You can see it all about you everywhere.

And just here, my friends, it does not seem to me that there is anything quite so important as for some men to be aroused to the utter foolishness and the tragedy of it all! You see it everywhere! One of the tragedies!

Now I am not worried about the future. I am not worrying about my country; I am not worried about the world, if we can only keep articulate some old-fashioned ideals.

I do not think much of being merely old-fashioned, but there is some thing that is deep and beautiful and romantic about the old-fashioned ideal of a mother. And I could stand here from now until evening and I could name for you the great of the world.

This is the thing, women of America, I want you to see.

I could name the great of the world. I could begin with Homer and Shakespeare and Dante and come down through the ages, coming to the better known, the poets and dramatists and statesmen from Washington down, I could give you numerous names, names that will always live as long as words are spoken in the English language, and all almost without exception, back of the man, back of his career, with the words of Lincoln coming true—"All that I am or that I ever hope to be I owe to my sainted Mother."

That is the verdict of the World's Great. There has rarely been a great man or woman express themselves in human society that did not have as a background biologically and emotionally a Great Mother. Not great from the standpoint of intellect. The Great Mothers of the world are not always those that are the best educated; not great from the standpoint of procedure or drama of life, for the Greatest Mothers in the world are always in many respects the most modest, but Great from the standpoint of soul qualities, Great from the standpoint of Honor, Great from the standpoint of sense of Virtue.

Man is closer to his Mother than to his Father, and it is a strange biological thing that almost without exception the male takes after the mother while the daughter resembles the father. It runs through all the whole current of creativeness.

Why, I could recall illustrations from now until evening about it, and that is why it is so important to keep your souls clean; that is why you cannot dissipate your energies. Can't you see the responsibility of it all?

Don't you want somewhere to have a laddie and lassie to have some pleasant memory of you?

It does not seem to me, my friends, that life would be worth living—in spite of all I might be able to do and the little I might be able to help other folks—it does not seem to me that life would be worth living unless some time, somewhere, some lad or some lassie could look back across the years and think of

what I had done for them! You are going to miss something in life if you just live selfishly for yourself; if you do not know how to sacrifice and give and work and love; if you are waiting for the big day and the big drama and the big occasion and the big splurge in life, why, you will wait until it is too late!

And today I want to send a greeting over the air to all the Mothers who are listening, to all the sons and daughters of those Mothers, and to those Mothers who are here today. Just as long as we can keep alive the ideal of the old-fashioned Mother the world is safe.

England will last, for English Mothers are still true.

France will last.

America will last.

Civilization will last just as long as we keep our morals high.

Across the years this morning my memory goes to a little Mother.

I am so happy today because all the way from Detroit my dear sister came to be here in this service today; just to be here together with her; just so we could be here together in this Mother's Day Service.

And men, I do not care what you call this. You can say it is sentimental. I feel sorry for the individual that has so much, such a great idea of his intellectuality that he scoffs at anything that implies heart! There are people in this world who get so smart that their heart ceases to function!

Well, when your smartness is all over, the thing that is going to determine for you Life will be the cleanliness of your heart. And there are some folks in this world that better give less attention to their intellect and more to their heart.

The only thing that ever gets us into trouble is our hearts. We need more regulation of our heart-life.

So I care not what you call this. If you call it sentiment; if it is sentiment, I thank God this morning that I am sentimental. If that is sentiment. If it is sentiment to love a little Mother, who through all these years, since she was forty-four years old has been sleeping in our little village cemetery over there at home. If you think it is sentiment on this Mother's Day to have a justified pride that you have tried to do and to be the thing in life that would honor that Mother, then make the most of it.

I would rather my Mother somewhere today would be able down through the beauty of the sky, in some great relationship that I do not see and I cannot fathom, I would rather that that Mother should think well of me than I would to have your applause of intellectual accuracy of the world. I think more of what my Mother thinks than I do of what any living man or individual in this or any other audience thinks. If I can play fair with her, then the rest will follow. And in the universality of her consciousness you know we must play fair with Mother. I know of no greater tribute in the world than the tribute of trying to be and trying to do and trying to conduct your life on those standards that will make some Mother somewhere happy and proud that she went down until her ankles were chilled by the "river of death"; that in an "hour of agony" she could give you to the world; and any man or any woman that ever turns upon such a one and refuses to be thrilled by such a sacrifice is unworthy of life.

Keep pure and true and strong the ideals of your Mother, and no man or woman will go far wrong in this world. Those dreams, those ideals and those visions are the controlling motive generators of human conduct; and to make her glad,—to make her glad is like making God glad.

Think of the Mothers today, the Mothers of those three boys out in that jail in Wheaton; the Mothers of those boys who were

shot and murdered, and they are today lying upon the cold slabs of the morgue; think of the Mothers who have not heard from their sons and daughters; think of the Mothers who have had shame and disgrace brought upon them! Think of it, and call it shallow!

There is safety for the world as long as we can keep blazing bright the old fashioned ideal of old-fashioned Mothers.

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REGULAR EVENTS

School of Religious Education—Sundays, 9:30 a. m., Channing Hall.

Woman's Club—Every Monday, Program, Edgewater Beach Hotel. Departmental Meetings, Channing Hall.

Men's Forum—Second Monday evenings, Channing Hall.

The Temple Club—Second and fourth Tuesday evenings in Channing Hall.

Church Trustees Meeting—Second Monday evenings.

STAR ISLAND MEETINGS

Every summer the religious liberals of America have a series of meetings at Star Island, twelve miles out in the Atlantic Ocean, off from Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The schedule for this summer is as follows:

Young People's Religious Union, June 26 to July 10.

Unitarian Laymen's League Church School Institute, July 10 to 17.

General Conference Summer Meeting's Association, July 17 to 31. Dr. Bradley will speak at these meetings.

The Women's Alliance July 31 to August 7. Dr. Bradley will speak every day and preach the sermon at the Alliance meetings. Information and reservations for the various meetings can be obtained by addressing the Unitarian Association at 16 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

THE WOMAN'S CLUB

The Board of Directors have already held one meeting since the activities of the club closed for the summer. The Educational Department, under the chairmanship of Mrs. Riley, is planning a very remarkable program of lectures and musicales. The club gave an afternoon and evening card party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Winn, 5249 Lakewood Avenue, on June 21. The proceeds will be used toward the equipment of the club rooms in Uptown Temple. Various other events of a business and social nature will be held during the summer. Mrs. Reynolds, 918 Sunnyside Ave., Phone Sunnyside 1931 will gladly give any information concerning the activities and plans.

— G. T. B.

THE TEMPLE CLUB

The members of the club are looking forward to the Clear Lake Conference to be held in Wisconsin in July. Already there have been ten reservations from our club. Many more are expected to be present. The Conference will be a combination of instruction, inspiration and recreation. Mr. Dumont, Sunnyside 0010 will answer all requests for particulars, etc. The Temple Club has had its most successful season. Various events will be held during the summer. "Hikes" will be a weekly event. The program committee is already at work on the program for the coming year in our new home. The young people in the congregation are most cordially invited to membership in the club.

—N. D.

THE MEN'S FORUM

The Men's Forum has closed a most successful season of Forum meetings. Plans are now being made for next year's meetings. Mr. Fred A. Moore, President of the Chicago Forum is co-operating with the Forum in the selection of competent speakers. The plans are on a much larger scale than the work of last year and only speakers of national reputation will be heard. The increased seating capacity together with the change of time to Sunday evenings will undoubtedly make this Forum one of the most effective to be found anywhere. Details will be given in the succeeding numbers of The Liberal.

THE SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

Mr. A. W. Fuchs, Superintendent of the Church School, will be busily engaged with school matters during the summer. The Library started by the school is assuming splendid proportions. Several hundred books are now being classified by the Librarian. The school will be graded next year and there will be classes for all ages in charge of excellent teachers. A survey of the Church families will be made and an effort put forth to have every child in the church school. The an-

nual picnic held on May 29, was a great success, the day was spent with athletic events, singing, an address by Dr. Bradley and a ball game between the "B. B." boys and the men. The boys won by a good margin. It was a very beautiful day and Mrs. W. H. Hermsdorff, the chairman, is to be congratulated for her untiring efforts which met with unusual results. Parents who are interested in the work of the school and in the program for next year will find Mr. Fuchs most willing to give information.

"HOPE"

What is that "something," men
call "hope,"
Which bides within the breast,
And guides us like a beacon light,
In life's persistent quest?

What is that voice which bids us
fight,
When odds appear so great,
And makes us carry high, the flag
Defying so called "fate?"

What is that sympathetic touch,
When sorrow enters in,
Which makes us feel that all is
good
And there's no power in sin?

What is that urge within the soul,
When failure seems so real,
Still leads us on to try again
The game of woe or weal?

Oh, spark divine, that men call
"hope,"
Oh, boon to tortured mind,
To me you're just the voice of
God,
That speaks to human kind.

—O. E. Foldvary.

Written after attending a recent service in The Peoples Church.

CHURCH NEWS

The church closed its fourteenth year under the pastorate of Dr. Bradley, Sunday morning, June 13. It was the last service to be held in the Pantheon Theater and the big auditorium was completely filled. The Junior White Robed Choir assisted the Chorus Choir with the singing. It was the largest closing service ever held in the history of the church and one of the best services of the year. Dr. Bradley greeted friends for over an hour after the service in saying "Goodbye" for the summer. The next service will be the Dedication Service of The Peoples Church—Uptown Temple—Sunday morning, October 3 at 10:45. The new church will seat approximately 2000 people and admission to the first service will be to those who have membership cards in The Peoples Church. There will probably be three services held on Dedication Sunday and services all during the week. One week day evening will be devoted to a dedication of the new organ. Many members of the Radio Audience attended the closing service in person. Friends from Milwaukee, Valparaiso, Elgin, Joliet and Evanston, made themselves known after the service. The closing service makes an inspiring memory for the summer vacation and the church looks eagerly forward to the great year ahead.

The Annual Meeting was held Monday evening, June 14, at the Edgewater Beach Hotel. This year seems to be a year which broke many church records. The attendance at the Annual Meeting was no exception. It was the most largely attended Annual meeting ever held by the church. President C. K. Anderson presided. Reports were given by the heads of every department connected with the church. They were enthusiastically received by the members. Each organization reported progress during the year. Four terms of members of the Board of Trustees expired. Mrs. P. E. Goold, Mr. Frederick W. Spelz, Mrs. A. W. Fuchs and Dr. C. B. Gibson were the members whose term were finished. Mrs. A. W. Fuchs and Dr. C. B.

Gibson, because of other church activities declined re-election. Mrs. J. J. Reynolds, President of the Woman's Club and Mr. Newman Dumont, President of the Temple Club were elected in their places. The other members were re-elected. The new board met immediately after the meeting and elected officers. The same officers were chosen with the exception of Vice President. Mr. Spelz declined re-election and Mr. Newman Dumont was elected Vice President. Mr. Spelz anticipates being absent from the city part of next winter and left his office with the regret of the entire board. Mr. C. K. Anderson, the President, made a very effective survey of the year's work and emphasized the need of the Building Fund and General Fund Pledges being brought up to date. Dr. Bradley closed the meeting with his farewell address until the dedication. He read a list of the members and friends who have passed on during the year. The audience stood in memory of the departed. The church has never faced the future with more unity and confidence than it has today. There is much work and money needed for our building program and all are evidencing a willingness to give and serve.

Mrs. J. J. Reynolds, President of the Woman's Club attended the National Federation of Women's Clubs at Atlantic City this month. Our Woman's Club is the only Church Club in the National Federation. Mrs. Reynolds brought to the attention of the Federation the splendid work being done by our club. The club this year presented $5500 to the Building Fund.

Dr. and Mrs. Bradley will spend most of the summer at their summer home Arden Lodge, Black Duck Island, Tower, Minnesota. The last week in July and the first week in August Dr. Bradley will be the speaker at the summer meetings and Alliance Week at the Isles of Shoals, Portsmouth, New Hampshire. July 25 he will preach in Duxbury, Mass., and on August 8 he will be the preacher at the Sunday afternoon services conducted under the auspices of the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition in Centennial Hall, Philadelphia.

The church was honored at our Memorial Day service by the presence of Capt. John H. Cummings of the famous Sharpshooters who fought the entire three days at the Battle of Gettysburg. Capt. Cummings read Lincoln's Gettysburg Address for the twelfth time at our memorial service. He is 83 years of age and has just returned from a visit to the battlefield of Gettysburg after an absence of 63 years.

The ministerial activities during May were as follows: May 2—Sermon, Peoples Church. May 4—Address, Thomas, West Virginia. May 6—Address, Union Mills, Indiana. May 9—Two Sermons, Peoples Church, Community Mother's Day Service, Valparaiso, Indiana. May 12—Address Marion, Ind. May 13—Graduating Address North Chicago Hospital Training School for Nurses. May 14—Dedication Address, Inter-Club Council, Chicago. May 16—Sermon, Peoples Church. May 17—Address, Dayton, Ohio. May 18—Address Parent Teachers Association, Waters School. May 19—Address, Commencement Aledo High School. May 20—Two addresses, Illinois Federation of Women's Clubs, afternoon and School Teachers' Federation, Hammond, Indiana, evening. May 23—Sermon, American Unitarian Association Anniversary Sermon, Arlington St. Church, Boston. May 24, 25, 26—Boston. May 28—High School Address, Toledo, Ill. May 30—Sermon, Peoples Church. May 31—Graduating Address High School.

Funeral

May 11—Mrs. Otto Price. Interment, Rosehill.

Weddings

May 8—Mr. Harvey Walter and Miss Bernetta Oswald.

May 16—Mr. Robert E. Morningstar and Miss Clara Gleason.

May 18—Mr. Franklin J. Meine and Miss Helen Lomax.

May 21—John A. Lomax and Mary J. Corcoran.

May 23—Walter F. Cornell and Helen J. Morton.

Christenings

May 9—Jacqueline Lucille Goll, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin O. Goll, 2721 Potwyne St.

May 16—James Wellington Buchanan Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Buchanan, 1220 Glenlake Ave.

During the month many expressions of helpfulness and inspiration were received from the members of the Radio Audience. More radio mail was received this year than last. The services next year will be broadcast by our same station WQJ which operates on a wave-length of 448 meters.

Are you a subscriber to The Liberal? If not and you desire to keep in touch with the church plans for the year, read a sermon every month by the pastor, enjoy his Book Chats and the other articles kindly send one dollar to Mrs. Thos. A. Harrison, 4641 Sheridan Road and you will receive our church magazine for a year. Please remember that our advertisers make The Liberal possible. Won't you mention their ad when making purchases or transacting business with them?

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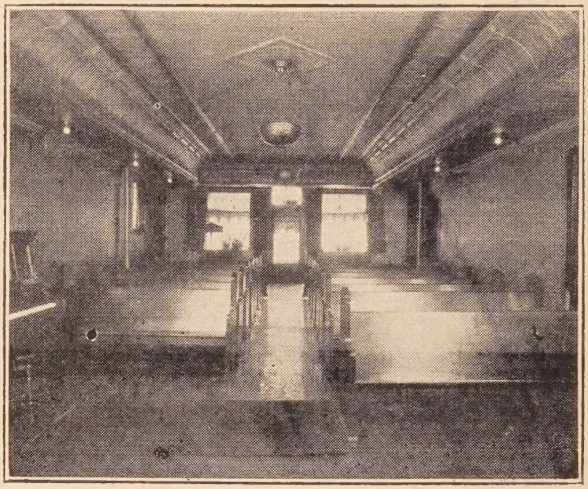

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